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The flice were no very busy. No doubt, as they burzed in and out of the open wildow, they thought they were accomplishing a want deal, though it did not sem note the young couple who looked on. Per-ings there are eyes that watch us—eyes to which our intleatabletions and achievements on as trivial, as imposequent, as the

busy files seem to us
"the May afternson was more than warmh was but. Semmer had hurded into the
world, mespecied and animated. Per-laries their case was made Jasmyo Merestith
lead a little park car to romething she had ived over and over, that she would harr-the passionate, illogical, atto the released love making of a young to low who would not have taken his un-tyraity degree till a month later on. He was twenty-size, to be sure, and she only eighteen, but at strikteen a girl believes-

She interest and then said with a smile:

"A wile log," he answered, "who knows enough to love you; and who will have all the longer time in which to love you, be-'I'm gird you are to be a lawyer," she



"Why, You are a Moy."

t might be thrown away in any other lession." And then she noded: "It is a good while to get admitted to the

It shan't take very long in my case?" the answered, "if you will promise me my reward for making haste" "(ii), yes," she said, "I will come to coor and hear your first plea."
"That" he cred, a little scarafully, "No, I wam you to listen in prevate to my first argument and be convinced by "."

"An, but you are not a lawyer yet-you must wait."
"You am keep me waiting as long as you please—it is for you to say, but I have told you that I love you. You can't get away from that. I'll trust you to remem-ber, and when any other man tells you the same story, I.-I will be his judge. You shall think of our love and my words, and you shall not yourself whether he loves you as well."

Jasuya smiled a little at this outbook, and then she said, with an air of sweet tolerance. Broad your dream, gentle rooth it may keep you from some worse

"And you will not even be here for We east on Saturday. My mother

"No, we said on Saturday. My mother is half fincible by birth, and more than half at deart. She is saidance for Mayfair. We shall so to New York to morrow."

"And the is good hee?"

He is not for a moment note her eyes. His lips were athirst for her, but he knew hat too well to venture on anything she would have the right to resem. He contented binaself with a hand-lasp. But there was a tone in his voice she would not soon formet, as he said. "You will remember."

years went by, and still Mrs. rned to America. May and June found in cottespondence. It would hinder him in his studies, she said, and she had no time for it. She thought of him now and then, and wand then, and wandered a little whether—as size part it to havelf—be was as foolish as ever, her side and drew a long, calm breath. In fact, she thought of him most often peared mained to tell her the old story, She was a social success even in Lon-don, where there are so many fair cam-petitors, but she defity managed to the had to say to, io say it so dith was too wise a woman not to hasten slowly, but now the time seemed to her have come when a son-in-law would

coming. It seemed as if fate were on the side of his lordship. Wherever the Merediths' went they were sure to meet himand he let it be seen, clearly chough, that it was for Jasmyn's sake he had come. He did not trouble himself to dance with any one cise. He was at her side when she rode in the park, and it she went to a garden party, there he was also. Jasmyn was flattered, naturally. To receive, without seeking, what a score of other girls sought vanily, had a distinct charm of its own, and Lord Gaissford had the advantage of being old choough to know the world and its ways. He was distinctly high bred. He was handsome in his own way, and manly, as the best type of Englishman always is. Why size was not in love with him Jasmyn herself could not have told you, Indeed she thought that very possibly she should be later on. coming. It seemed as if fate were on the

ther on.
One night they were sitting out a dance which she had promised him. He had presented her to go into the conservatory instead of dancing, and she sat on a low instead of dancing, and she sat on a few instead of dancing and she sat on a few instead of dancing arms. The insteamed and then said with a simile:

Why, yett area boy."

A will clear, "he answered, "who knows again to love your and who will have all bouger time in which to love you, be assent long a varity."

I'm gird you are to be a lawyer, "she swered, some what irrelevantly, as seeined to Elohert Marsh.

Why?" he ventured.

Hermine I now see that you have, after a homeal mind. Your powers of argu.

Why and the could self-passession that belonged to his are and his rank. "I shall say you tomorrow."

spoken at all, her parther for the next dance appeared and Lord Gainsford said, with that cool self-possession that belonged to his are and his rank. "I shall she you to-morrow."

That night disp did not come to Jasmyn. She lay with wide-open eyes, vaguely wondering, What should she say to Lord Gainsford? Could she love him—and why no? Would she been happy as his wife? How much there would be to make her sol. Then soldenty it scemed to ber as if the room opened its windows to the stars and the infinite might, and she looked far, far off, as perhaps we all shall look when death has taken as by the hand and led us far away from what we now call life. She knew that her vision had gone beyond the sea, and that it was a room in New York in which she saw a young man writing. He had just turned a page. She did not know how his letter began, hat she rend these worls.

"I am twenty-lour now, and you are twenty-one. You can no longer call me a

but she rend these words.

"I am twenty-four now, and you are twenty-one. You can no longer call me a toy. I was admitted to the Bar a year ago. I have succeeded so well that in October I shall make my first important plea. Remember that you promised to hear it. I will cross the sea and bring you hack in time. I shall be with you olmost as soon as this letter. I have obeyed you influent in beeping silence. I write now because I wish you to know before we meet that I am unchanged."

And when she had read thus far it seemed to her that suddenly the windows

And when she had read thus far it seemed to her that suddenly the windows that had opened to the vastness of the night were closed and she was alone.

What did it all mean? She was not askeep. It was no dream Plainly as it she had held the sheet in her own hunds she had read these written words. Plainly as if she had been in the room with her she had seen Robert Marsh. What had made this possible? Could it be that she



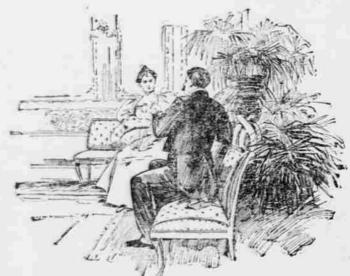
She Saw a Young Man Writing.

cared for him all along more than she knew? Hondary—is loved of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Chemrey Beyew. They divided their winters between Louis and the Ripertage. Bolsen Marsh lecard of their movements out; from the kied newspapers, for Jasmyn had decreed that there should be from some farthest star, she heard, as

> Yes, she would wait. She would de-cide nothing until she knew. She turned on her side and drew a long, calm breath, and then sleep, the delinquent, kissed her parted lips and led her, at last, into

> The next day Lord Gainsford plended his own cause, but be pleaded in vain.
> "If you will wait two weeks," Jasmyn said, "I will answer you then. If I say anything to-day it must be 'No." I do not feel that I understand myself. Will you

> give me time, or shall it ead here?"
>
> Of course he gave her time. He turned to Mrs. Meredith. Mrs. Meredith was his senior by three years, therefore she was a safe as well as a sympathetic confidence.



There and Then Lord Gainsford Told His Love Story.

are a Mayflower."
"Yes, and a year before I was twentyone I had married your father. He
never caused me but one sorrow, and that was when he died. I wish you as happy a lat as my own, and I think you are old enough to marry." Jasmyn latter her pretty cyclids in such-wise that they asked a question. "Yes." her mother answered musingly.

Perhaps you have not seen, but I, who have lived twice as long as you, can see clearly, that Lord Gainsford is only waithis opportunity to ask you to be "That old fellow!" cried Jaraya tr-

"He is thirty-nine," said Mrs. Merethe is intrivenine, said are acredifferentialing. That does not seem so
wenerable to most of the world as it seems
to you. Do you see anything else in him
to complain of?"

"I haven't thought. Why should I?
He is very well, I suppose, but I see no

reason why I should care for him more than for another." "Ah, well, you must know him better." And the opportunity was not long in

"You are twenty-one now," she said , only nine days had passed, when a letter only nine days had passed, when a letter came to Jasmyn, in a band she used to know. She opened it. She read the tirst page, and then she turned the leaf, and there she saw the very sentences she had read when the windows of her maiden chamber opened into the infinite night. And that same day Robert Marsh fol-lowed his letter. Then Jasmyn Merchith knew for the first time her own heart's serred. The lower that was strong appears.

ecret. The love that was strong enough o conquer time and space and speak to her across the estranging sea was the love ber own life, as well as of her lover's The next day she told her mother that she had made up her mind. Naturally Mrs. Mcredith did not like it, but she was beipless. John Meredith had left his fortune to be equally divided between his daughter and his wife, and after Jasmyn was twenty-one when was absolutely her was twenty-one she was absolutely her own mistress. Mrs. Meredith would fain

have been mother-in-law to a lord, but there was nothing to be said against Robert Marsh, so she quietly resigned herself to the inevitable.

"You deserve," she said to Jasmyn, with a little vexed laugh, "that I should marry Lord Gainstord myself." And that is precisely what she did six months later.

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A Daring Venture.

Captain Charlie Blanten had been home on sick furlough and wanted now to get back to his regiment in Richmond. All that one devoted girl and two faithful begroes could do to forward that end

was about to be done.
It would have been dangerous work for any male neighbor to engage in, but, "If we are caught, Bettie, I will meet a soldier's fate and you, of course, will be sent 'But we must not be caught."

The captain laughed. Bettie sented her-self in the stern of the skiff and stretched out her hand for Sir Roger's bridle-Sir Roger was the captain's cavalry horse. "Just hold your hand close to the bit Keep his nose out of the water, and he will do the rest." "No danger of perve failure, Bettie."

A pretty head tossed defiantly. The san was reddening the eastern skies, but had not yet climbed to the horizon. The spring floods had swollen the river until there was but a loot or two of sandy bank between the speakers and the skiff moored at its edge. The oarsmen were already seated, impatient to embark

on the trip that wasfull of peril.

No other craft was in sight. That swift running yellow cuprent, glistening brightly in the morning light, was all their own. Some crows were cawing in the top of a fall sycamore tree near by. A woodman's ax punctuated the still air with char distinct strokes. Bettie measured the distance between the willows they were leaving and the sycamores on the other side of the Mississippi with apprehensive eyes.

"It's an awfully long swim."

Sir Roger stepped into the water philoon the trip that wasfull of peril.

"It san awfully long swim."
Sir Roger stepped into the water philosophically. He was not given to taking thought for the future. The captain dropped prone into the bottom of the skilf, with a gay hugh. With his legs under the dingr turpaulin that already concealed has army saddle, knapsack and a lot of tobacco he was taking back to the boys, he ways his final orders.

Four terror-stretched eyes rolled white in we black faces. Wave yo' hankchie, mssy. Fur Lawd's sake, let 'em see you

is a woman!"

"Pull," said Bettie, through clinched teeth. "I've got no hand to spare."

"Let the beast go," from the tarpuulin.

"Shat up, Charley." But in a trice she had fulped the brow hand over Sir Reger's pointed cars, and he struck out independently for binoself. Pettie's face was drawn with anxiety.

"Pull, boys! Beat them to land and a cow for each use of you." ow for each one of you."
"Boom!" a second shot, harmless as the

first. Only Bettie's nerves were jarred by it. Then the lookent reported, lowering his glass, "A girl and two niggers swimming bree marmes and officered by one lieuter and, presently shot across the water to in-

and, presently shot across the water to me quire into Bettie's intentions. She grew white to her very tips. Her commen rowed like men pulling for like Charley was as still as if to really was a bundle of folder. Bettie lifted her head

definitly
"Go slower, boys Steady. We can't
best them. Let them come up."

They came up. The bests lay broadside
to each other. The heatenant in the yawi
had his hand on the ginwale of Bette's
skiff. He was young and tender-hearted.
Bette lifted flashing eyes to his handsome face and lamphed gark.

some face and laughed gayly.

"Is the game worth the candle, heutenant? I tried to race you, but three United States marines are better than two plantation darkeys. Well,"—she leaned gracefully back in the skiff, carosang Sir Rogfully back in the skiff, caresaing Str Reg-er's bridle—"is there any harm in a girl trying to save her riding horse from raid-ers." I meant to give poor Sir Reger the freedom of the woods, but he is yours now if you can capture him. Please be good to him. He paces like an augel, and awims almost as well." And she smiled wickedly and courageously.

The lieutenant had hared his head be-fore her. The sound of a woman's voice

was a loxury in those days of rate musketry and booming cannon. glauce swept the skiff from stem to stern, then came back to the sweet face of its

The insurement sait up very stringer and made a stiff military salute.

"Thank you. We have use on heard for neither horses not folder." The boats shot asunder. Each went its way. The lieutenant reported to his captain: "We are not warring on girls or their ponies. That girl says the was running her riding terms into safety from our raiders, and I

That girl says she was running her riding horse into safely from our raiders, and I let her alone. That sail, sir."

His vehemence was really uncalled for, but conscience pricked him with the recollection of a suspicious booking hump under the tarpaulin that might have been made by the perimel of an army saddle. Remember, he was very young and fettie very pretty. He wondered if any girl would ever do as much for him.

That same night the Blanton place was visited by a searching party from the gunboat under command of the lieutenant. "A captain was reported to be barbored there."

Bettie's mother said briskly that "then had been a cick captain there, but he had gone to join his regiment that very morn-

"How?" She had no idea. The lieu-tenant had. He looked Bettie full in the

face. He took care his words should reach

face. He took care his words should reach no ears but hers.
"What risk won't a woman run for the man she loves?"

Ble turned on him fiercely. "Captain Banton is my brother." Then, dimpling, "Bon't tell on yourself, lieutenant."

And be never did until years afterward, when he went back South on purpose to court Bettie Blanton, who had captured him on the day she ran the blockade. It was at their wedding supper that he told the story for the first time without any sense of shame, and when somebody prosense of shame, and when somebody pro-posed "Charley Over the Water" he joined in the singing lustily.
MRS. J. H. WALWORTH.

Major Handy and the New Woman. Major Moses P. Handy gets pretty em-phatic about the new woman when he talks about her. He says this "new woman" talk matter of bonnets or bustles, bicycles or doomers, clubs or cocktails, night keys or sightgowns, straddle or side saddle. The ew woman" is a figment of the imaginaon, made up of fads, foibles, crochets, aspirations and tendencies thrown together in a kaleidoscope, presenting a new com-bination of form of color at every turn of

Hard Luck in Earnest.

A seedy-looking man with a whine in his roice and a threat in his eye, stopped a portly, prosperous-looking man at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street

"Mister," said he, "gimme a dime to get bed. I zin't seen either in a month. "Kun away," said the stout man. you'd been honest and told me you wanted

drink, I'd have given you the money man, as he approached a jovial-appearing rounger man and asked for 10 cents for

"See here," snapped the man addressed,
"I you'd told me you wanted money to
get a bed I'd have given it to you. I don't
believe in dripk."
The seedy man grouned, for hard luck cemed to be coming his way .- New

Was He Right?

"I offered him a half interest in my inwention if he would pay for the patents."
"Oh, Robert! And he refused that?" "Yes, and offered me the \$300 needed for a three-quarters interest."

"Oh, the mean man!" "The great Mr. Havemore mean! Why, he's our liberal public-spirited fellow

Mrs. Barbour laid ber thin cheek down spon the pillow and wept. Her husband walked to the window and stood there. ooking at-without seeing-the falling sleet and the horrying passersby. After a time the thin wail of a little child pierced the air, and the mother's voice was heard soothing it. When its cries had been stilled, she said hesitatingly. 'Baby does not seem well. She has cried most of the time since the rooms have been so cold. I fear we will have to get the doctor for her.

The unhappy father did not answer for a

"A three quarters interest. Als but that was yesterday! You should have accepted my proposition when I was in the bulnor, but you did not. Strange that you mechanics of all people should not understand the advisability of 'striking while the Iron is hot." The rich man settled himself more comfortably in his luxurious office chair, twiddled the big scal dangling on his vest and smiled at his own ling on his vest and smiled at his own

few minutes. Then he replied, "I will go to Mr. Havemore in the morning and accept

humor.

Mr. Havemore rightly judged, when he saw the inventor return to him that morning, the necessity compelling acceptance of his hard terms, and shrewdiy calculated that he finight successfully press his advantage still further. Barboar turned upon him and denounced him for a robber, and as he did so a gentleman—one of Mr. Havemore's friends—entered the room, When Barboar was gone, the witness—Mr. Golding—sank into a chair gasping: "Good gracious! What violence! And I know the fellow. He's a tenint of mine. Behind on his month's rent too, and dares to talk like that to a gentleman!" Alf, Golding—was an exceedingly conservative man, who never invested in anything but real estate and was sufficiently old fashioned a landford not to trust much to an agent, preferring to keep a sharp eyemplant more him to him to him to the same of the preferring to keep a sharp eyemplant more him to him him to him him to h an agent, preferring to keep a sharp eye himself upon his tenant's individuality. "I shouldn't care to have him for a ten-ant of mine, even if he paid promptly," remarked Mr. Havemore, regaining his equanimity, which had been not a little disturbed. "I fancy he is a sort of an-

disturbed. "I fancy he is a sort of an-archist by the way he goeson."
"Heavens! Do you think so, Mr. Have-more? I shall not know a moment's peace until he is out of my house. He might blow it up at any minute. I'll order my lawyer to dispossess him at once—this very day, if possible."

. The miserable household belongings of the Barbours were heaped on the sidewalk. The thinly clod invalid mother, sheltering her baby as best she could under a blanket wrapped about her, sat among them, with wropped about her, sat among them, with her bushand standing near, wordless and seemingly dazed. Round them were grouped a few sympathetic neighbors al-most as poor as the evicted family, to judge from their appearance, and some other persons stopped by mild curiosity. The speciacle was not a novel one. There are on an average 24,000 like it in New Yorkevery year. A crizzling rain that was almost ice fell stoadly, and the fherely cari-ous did not linger long. A well-dressed man carrying a silk umbrella, came along and exclaimed in a tone of surprise: "Why, We bestoom! Letter sates."

Mr Hartour! Isthis vou."
"Yes," he answebed, with dall faconism Tes, he answered, with dull laconism; then looking up and recognizing the per-son addressing bulk exclaimed hopefully, "Mr. Faug!"
"Dear me!" cjaculated Mr. Fang, "this is very bad, if I may judge by appear

"The situation explains itself, I was

what improved."
"I would do so; with pleasure; but, unfortunately, I am bound by a contract
with my pariner, which forbids either of
us bending any money under any circumstances."

"I have nothing left to sell, or I would not want to borrow—that is, nothing but my invention, which I have not yet been my invention, which I have not yet been able to do anything with—the one I wished you to make the natent application for."

"I remember it, But as I told you at the time it would have been quite unprofessional for a lawyer to advance the fees in a patent case, and as you had no money I could do nothing to bely you. Can you not sell it out and out? It would take a long time to set a faster text larger to relong time to get a paient, yet longer to realize anything from it, and you seem to be inconvenienced for lack of ready means, should say sell it."

"Who would buy?"
"Well, I can't say Dealing in inventions is not in my line, but—well, I sympathize with you, and though the thing is of no use to me, I would give you \$50 for it myself just to help you along."
"Don't you think, sir, that \$70 is a small sum for the best work of s han's brain during ten long years, a thing that some one will make a fortune by?"
"Oh, well, if you teel that way about it and see your way to doing better, I would not advise you to self." The lawyer took a backward step, howing, as if about to leave. At the same moment Mrs. Barbour was attacked by one of her violent fits of coughing, and the baby, suddenly awakened to a sense of discomfort, began crying shrilly." Never mind how I fool about it. I so.

"Never mind how I feel about it. I ac cept your offer," replied the conquered in ventor, with tears in his eyes.

"Very well; come along to my office, where I will draw up the necessary papers, and you shall have your \$50 at once."

Two hours later Mr. Fang received from Mr. Havemore five times the sum he had

paid for that paper. In due time the patent was granted, and within the year a huge factory gave em-ployment to several hundred men in the making of machines under it. The invention had proxed to be one of the most valnable of the age, and Mr. Havemore as sole

owner of it, expected to double his mil-lons by it.

In the office of the factory an emaciated ragged fellow pleaded with the superin-tendent for work. "Please," he said, "see Mr. Havemore for me-I don't think he would refuse Robert Barbour a place at the

"But you've been sick, and are as weak as a cat yet, evidently. You couldn't do a full day's work, and we couldn't afford to

full day's work, and we see pay you full wages."

"Pay me anything you like; so that it is enough for me to live on. I've nobody but myself to care for now-wife and cuild are both dead!"

J. H. CONNOLLY. It was raining heavily when two women got on an uptown Broadway car at Four-teenth street. Their ambrellas were wet.

"Here," said the younger woman, "let's put our umbrellas in here," and she slipped hers into the opening between the base of the window and the top of the scat. It promptly went out of sight. "Oh, conductor, get it for me, please," ne pleaded.

she pleaded.

"Fd like to," he exclaimed, "but Fm too busy to fish for it. Ride up to the end of the line and they will get it for you there."

A well-dressed young fellow took the other woman's umbrella, murmuring: "Permit me, please," and tried with it to dig up the other umbrella. He worked about two minutes and then lest his hold on the umbrella he was some and it dimend down two intuities and then acts his nod of the unibrella he was using and it slipped down to join its fellow. Every one laughed except the women. The young man jumped off the car into the rain.

A minute later another man began poking down the opening with his umbrella. Something caught the salk as he was drawing it out and tare a lore silt. He looked at the

out and tore a long slit. He looked at the rent for a moment gritted histeeth, and then he, too, jumped off into the rain. "Well," said the younger woman resigned-

"Well," said the younger woman resigned-ly, "we've got to go by the depot, anyhow, and we will find some one there who knows how to get them out,"—New York World. Discarded Them. "Miss Oldflirt carries her years well, doesn't she?"
"You must bear in mind that she has thrown nearty half of them away."—
Indianapolis Journal.

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Mr. Smith, who was sentimental. She had sang sweetly at several entertainments and taught a class in the Sunday school.

The young minister had welcomed her gladly. He had felt her appreciation of his sermons and had seen response in het pright face to all his firest thoughts. Then, custome to war on a wheel and that she considered it the only safe and sensible. bright face to all his finest thoughts. Then, she was a pleasant picture to look, with her pigmant face, surrounded

at, with her piquant fines, surrounded with its halo of golden hair.

He knew little about her family except that her mother was an invalid and herolder brother a physician practicing in the neighborhood.

He was pastor of a little, struggling con He was pasor of a little, strugging con-gregation in one of our large western towns. The church had at last secured a foothold and was trying to build a suitable edifice. The young manster had come to them the winter before, fresh from one of the eastern colleges, full of ardent real for his work. coneges, fon of ardem real for his work, and his spiritual face and eloquent words seemed to promise well for the future of the little charch. He was anxious to make converts and secure new members and had been hoping to induce Miss Alice Maywood to unite with the church and thus identify her charming personality still more closely with the work, when something happened which cooled his ardor in this direction and,

walked slowly along one of the streets on the outskirts of the town, drinking in the fragrance of opening leaf and flower, he beheld an apparition. Coming slowly toward him, perched airily on the seat of a new bicycle, was Alice Maywood, hergoldenhead shining in the scriight under her jaunty cap, her cheeks glowing. The minister gasped as the girl saw him and bowed, returned the salutation, too dazed to raise his hat. For the navy-blue costume she wore, with its prettily fushioned Eton jacket, wascertainly roude with a skirt at inde with a skirt; no, it wasn't a skirt at all, it was bloomers!

all, it was bloomers!
As the minister gathered himself together a sensation of annoyance predominated in the mixel feelings in his breast. The costome was not a new one to his sight—indeed, it was quite common in the city streets—but he had regarded the wearers as bold unwomnly creatures, who were seizing upon a prended reform to attract attention to them ives. It had not come home to him as a ersonal problem to settle in his immediate

It was an outrage, bethought, getting more dignant as he went on; and she had inniganit as he went on, and see had seemed so different, so quiet, modest and refined. Some one ought to talk to her. What could her mother be thinking off. He couldn'tsaya word! The young manblushed at the idea. "Now, Gertrude would never—of course not!" He grew uncomfortably arm about the ears at the mere suggestion nat Gertrade would do such a thing. Then he object of his disapproval glided out of is mind as quickly asshe had come in. The ern lines of his face suftened and he took p his day dream where he had left it. Next fall when the new church was done

he would go East and bring Gertrude and what good couldn't he accomplish with such a woman for an inspiration and helpmate? And his thoughts dwelt lovingly upon the perfections of the sweet, gentle young woman who was going to give up her friends, her high social station and many advantages in the East and come with him to the wild

MINISTER'S BICYCLE PROBLEM West, as he called it, to aid him with her culture, with her wealth, with herself She had not attended his church very long, but was already one of the active workers, though not admitted to membership. Miss Vance, one of the most devoted members of his little flock, bad brought her and in troduced her as her friend, and the young people had speedily taken to ber. She had already presided at the flower booth at the church fair, "herself the fair est flower among them," whispered little with the church fair, whereaf the fair est flower among them," whispered little skimming gayly by it her hevel attire skimming gayly by the her hevel attire.

costume to wear on a wheel, and that she

out to Molly Vance did she unbosom herself further. Poor Molly lay flat on her back, "laid up for repairs," she expressed it, and Alice had stepped in to bring her some supshine and news from the world outside. She had come in from a long ride on her wheel, and Molly said she looked like a role of the Midway.
"So you and the minister don't like
my suit, Molly, dear," she said. "I am
surprised at him for I thought he was an up-to-date young man."
"Oh, no," Molly answered, "he is old-fashioned in his notions; you musn't mind

e said earnestly: Molly the customs of the world have Molly the customs of the world have always been hard on women. The natives of Ceylon have heavy rings in their noses, the Turks shut them up in cages; the Chinese dwarf their feet and the modern Americans and Europeans compress their vaists and hang heavy skirts on their hips waists and naug neavy sairts on their alps.
But let any of them step out be it never
so little from the beaten track of custom
and point to a better path where comfort
and freedom from disease may be had
and I promise you they will suffer."

After this long and somewhat serious

After this joing and somewhat serious speech for this young lady she tossed up her cap, caught it on her head, and said farewell, and this was the only sign she gave that the criticisms passed by a few of her acquaintances burt her. The days sped rapidly by and the new church was completed. The minister went back to the East for his bride, returning in a few weeks for the dedication, feeling himself the happiest of men. His wife seemed pleased with all she saw, and entered with uthusiasm into all his plans, and he perceived with pleasure that his people re-ceived her warmly and took her at once into their hearts.

they were preparing for church, Gertrade said: "John, what a clamming girl Miss Maywood is."

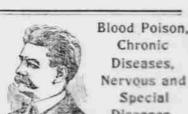
"Yes," said John, absently. Then a cloud crossed his brow. He would tell Gertrade. Perhaps she could think of something to do. So he said:
"Gertrade, that gert yides, a blevele and

One day shortly after their arrival, as

"Gertrude; that girl rides a bleycle and wears bloomers when she rides."
"Does she?" siid his wife. "Well, I think it must be a much more comforrable suit to ride in than a skirt." John stared. "Do you know," continued she, uncon-ciously, "I have always been dying to tide whee!" You ride, don't you, dear?" "Yes," saird John, slowly, "And next year l'liget one, too, and we'll

scour the country together. It will be good exercise for both of us,"

"But," he faitered, "you won't wear—"
"Bloomers?" asked Gertrude. "Oh, yes; so much easier to fide in, and safer, too."
The minister rubbed his eyes.
"John," she said, with a sigh, as she arranged the heavy baircloth-lined skirt and fastened her tight waist, "I'll be glad when women dress more sensibly."



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---and as Alice Maywood passed him at the

door the thought popped into his head that perhaps he had been a little too hard on her. Gertrude thought she was all right, and Gertrude had sound sense, he was sure